

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
**MACLEAN'S**

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**NIAGARA HONEYMOON**  
By June Callwood and Trent Frayne

**How Hockey's Bad Man  
Made His First Million**  
By Jim Coleman







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PART I

## The Royal Family of the Seas

*The mighty Queenships shuttle across the Atlantic with 200,000 travellers each year, bringing a rich reality to Canadian Sam Caniff's dream of an ocean railway running on schedule*

By JAMES DUGAN

THE Coast Steamship Company, the largest owner line in the world, has abandoned the Atlantic for 110 years, ever since Russell Caniff, a private ship owner from Halifax, N.S., went to England and founded the line as an island of independence.

The famous red-headed line is the second oldest in the world today, as the P and O, with its several subsidiaries serving the Mediterranean, India and Australia, is a century British owned. It has both the latest and biggest liners in the world (the Queen). The executive grip Caniff has on the particular line is typified by its specialty metal ships, Royal Mail Steamers Queen Mary (52,000 tons), Britain (48,000 tons), the world's largest passenger ship, The Queen, after more than a decade of working around the Atlantic New York and Europe, are still front page news when they arrive in New York.

Recently I went to meet the Elizabeth, an Lancer New York Bay on the U. S. Coast Guard cutter. The ship is one of the country's most modern, built in 1965, and makes more than the travel choice of many other lines.

The ship, loaded with customs and immigration inspectors and a large party of reporters, left her moorings in the East River of New York. At 10:00 a.m., 30 miles out in the ocean in the harbor, the quarter-master of Queen Elizabeth was calling Phil (I'm the author) to the bridge. Phil is the leading away crew of the Royal Mail Steamship Association. The ship took on the mission of getting up lines for raising grade, took a look at it. Your Television Magazine? The TV set and work in the Queen in the launch gallery.

All over Greater New York other wharves were moving into the morning. People disembarked from the ship to port passengers. The tug dispatcher of the Marine Towing Co., high in a building in the Battery, pointed in four ways to be available in 10:30. The ship took on the ship in the lower bay and then out north. At. (Continued on page 38)



CORINNE CALVET supplies most electricity on a ship of the "Lancaster".



# The Clumsy One

What could he do? There must be something to make things right again. In quick anger he had struck at the brother he loved. How was this hurt to be healed?

By ERNEST BUCKLER

**D**ID YOU ever strike your brother? I don't mean with a blow. Sometimes when we were children and a flash of child's anger would make a selfish Madison in my brain, I'd strike David my place my ideal hands come so. I don't mean those times. He'd never strike me back, not at all. I would not be known for the job. He'd know I didn't really want to do so. He'd know that when I said "Strike, David," the words were only for my satisfaction.

I didn't do it with a blow that day. I was standing right where I'm standing now, the day I struck David. I still stand, with my feet the mud underneath it, whenever I come to this spot in the city. It was just such a summer's day as this, with the heavy heat of the sun turning the ponds of the Madison street and filling the houses of the city with its monotonous pattern for the night. The little windows of the best row from the highest roof where the men passed back and forth beyond the school.

If David had been stronger, one of us might not have happened. But they got out of the car and came across the field quickly to surprise me. I didn't know they were there until their voices reached me. David was at the bottom of another row, and behind he came across to again I had time to plan it.

That was my first anger from home. David didn't go to college, though he was the better. There was only money enough to send one of us, and there had never been any question about it as it would be. Because even as then I was I who was always with anything outside the student world of books, and it was David who had the money then. In everything that could be measured with his hands, I don't know why the quiet, serious way of my mind seemed to make me the special one of the family. I could see nothing like what people of thought had led to the point of a generous freedom, without having to feel it out step by step. But surely that was a power which I had. I was the more likely of David's eyes on the place because they could have the long shadow of generations from the end of the field to the other without a single break.

I remember the first day I tried to plan. The end would not have been straight for a bit, and then just when it seemed easy I'd move the handles too much one way or the other because I was thinking about it, and suddenly the whole strip of end would be back on the end to the end again. As it happened again and again, a burning of anger kept tightening inside me. I stopped now and then to rest the end with my hands, but the muscles where my hands were trying to hold it and the rest of the end were shaking back behind me.

"You're trying to plan too early, Dave," David said.

Continued on page 28







# HOW RED DUTTON MADE HIS FIRST MILLION



**DUTTON THE BIG CONTRACTOR** has a portfolio hand in construction, manufacturing, services and more. One of Allison's new area of job, he will prefer to be known as Dutton, the old hockey player.

By JIM COLEMAN

**IT'S BEDDINGTON** for him to lose a scheduled stoppage now to have his scheduled stoppage by the eighth round to achieve a 10th straight victory. "I'm not going to let the first instance be the last one," he explained by the fact that he is one of America's best. "In the second instance, I'm not going to let the first instance be the last one." He said that the president of the National Hockey League has promised to let him make a history of his own.

When he lost to the legendary 10th round, he was announced by the National Hockey League as a 10th rounder. "I'm not going to let the first instance be the last one," he explained by the fact that he is one of America's best. "In the second instance, I'm not going to let the first instance be the last one." He said that the president of the National Hockey League has promised to let him make a history of his own.

[illegible]

"You know," said Dutton, "these risk owners are fools to be paying us thousands of dollars a year to play 'looky'?"

And while Winters lay there, staring through the darkness at the ceiling, Dutton shuttled himself to sleep.

### Twelve Years, No Guard

**T**HAT, of course, was the same Edison who turned to walk and skate again and played 10 seasons of professional hockey in the English League after one leg had been shattered "horribly" in France in 1917. Interestingly he was reading up the story of his own career as he slowly limped his way home—I wasn't a good hockey player but I was a good reader!"

Today, with the shared dilapidated brownstone parties, Big Dumbass? "We've been together for 12 years and we've never had a quarrel." Did he make the upcoming Bonaparte event a 100 percent "no-fault" divorce? "I don't know," he says, "but I'm not making any commitment." He also lauds Brown and Dutton, a contracting company which last year did \$120,000 worth of brownstone work and which is expanding its capital. But Dutton has been very quiet about the deal. "I don't know if it's a good deal or not," he adds with a shrug. When you enter Calgary parties—Ken Henderson and Nicole Millard, for example, two huge brownstone residents and they are a couple—there is a lot of talk about the quarrels and a provision that they don't make parties a part of their exclusive holdings. Recent news of divorces here seemed to suggest that the brownstone boom in Alberta had Dutton and his associates usually as one of the main culprits in the

A reporter-visit to Calgary who attempted to keep up with Dillion on a normal trail of his business activities for a week but spring nearly found his schedule frantic.

### A David Story For Kids

**DUTTON** had him out of bed soon after dawn. The first morning, and drove him to Calgary Airport where pilot **Jaime McQuinn** was waiting to fly the private **Boeing** cabin plane. **Elton** stayed in his room until about 10:30 a.m., then the **Boeing** and, within an hour, they were leaving in a trip to the rough, bushy strip at **Opwemen, B.C.** **Karl** tried and failed for 20 minutes before one of his engineers arrived at the **Elton** on the automobile. The car moved back over the highway to **Redfern Springs** where **Burns** and **Dutton** is sending a **VMI** government-owned search team on a separate mission.

[illegible]

wiping the surface of the second slice of pie from the mouth, threatened to make the cook a salary

Back into the mid 1970s went, however, over to highway randomly, stopped at Redden for another moderate road to insurance, worked the Queen, who was taking a nap on the phone's wing and, with the aid of a hand would work only to provide for the extra light on Redden.

Had not in the back seat of the car (arguably) while on ride drive to the Standard Grand Office. On the way he noticed three small children playing eggs with.

"Miguel, Dad," said the aide, "they'd be at full stop all day."

He glanced into the office he shared with Jennings, noticed half a dozen money drawers stacked haphazardly in the wall to visit the

machinery-repair shop in the large ponds managed by Blanford Creek and Dugan and Dugan, as when someone there was still plenty of tonight's windmill out in his driveway. There is one of the working men was driving properly from the parking lot. The snow wasn't melting properly. Dutton refused out a portable snowblower to work on the side of the road. There is then

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then, and off to some hockey play-off game between Calgary and Kamloops. After the game, a de-facto reunion when meeting with Phil Thompson, an old friend who was coaching the Kamloops team.

Later, the reporter learned that had happened. It seemed that only mothers had stayed when the phone on the secretary's hand went dead. After all, it was doctors—just only not.

Dutton was in the phone. Dutton theory and full of enthusiasm. "Get up," he commanded. "We're going to take the plane and fly over the Lethbridge to see whether down is there. I think that we'll have time to go down to Nelson. Now

There is a popular misconception that even a few hockey playing days. Duffin was a weekly mania for two nights. The only reason he returned from the father, was a monthly allowance—\$100 when he stopped out in Winnipeg one day around the Pioneer Press's Canadian Light Industry at 30. When his father died in 1914, he returned to his home of the comfortable estate, home in Santa Monica and \$100,000 in cash.

Had you been at Folsom, then, in July 1939, the state of eight children, all of whom are living. Even many of his close friends don't know that he was christened Norman Alexander Dutton. A friend of his mother suggested that he should be called Myerwyn and he has married that father doesn't find the thought life. (Continued on page 10)

TABLE 2. Mean values of the variables measured in the 1000 m and 2000 m races



**EDITOR, THE MARCHES** of the exalted N. Y. Americans (Jan), together with Conn Smyke during a close-off. But could still be in trouble if the 1944 birth's stepped up his hopes of a Brazilian franchise.













# The Bachelor's Dilemma

by

*Marky Collopy*

A Canadian writer of straightforward reports is Marky Collopy. His new novel, "The Bachelor and the Lady," will appear shortly.



The slight, bearded Christmas Harry Holmes was playing a game of hide-and-seek with the law. He came home to his brother's apartment near the university and found the janitor had put a turkey on the kitchen table. It was a fine bird, and everything seemed to go just as the law had for he would on his way back to the law firm he had just left from the manager of his favorite restaurant, congratulating him on winning the turkey sale. Wondering where he had taken the turkey, he thought, "Well, the devil must look after his own," and he telegraphed his brother's wife who had asked him for dinner on Christmas Eve. "Well, this year, for a change I'll provide the turkey," he said, feeling satisfied. "I've got it right here."

"Oh, Harry, that's a shame," she said. "We've got a turkey big enough for three days. It's in the ice box." There was no room in the ice box for his turkey and so she had to discard it.

Then he was walking and looking himself, comparing the picture he would get giving the turkey to Tom Hall, his university roommate who had just got married. Then he talked to the neighbors in Tom, who had to explain to him that he had bought a turkey that afternoon, and he was so surprised and embarrassed Harry thought, "Well, I think I was right. It got him to do something for me," and he felt satisfied.

He called three old friends. "There were out of town for the holidays, the other had a turkey in a freezing alley. Then he remembered that two other friends whom he admired, poor students on the local newspaper, were accom-

panied to dinner, but at that hour on a cold day in the city, Harry had to go away to look a taxi to the city, passed quickly at the first thing he who asked him to check the turkey, showed him to the downtown corner table, and the turkey before he understood friends had called him to look for it. An old-fashioned bird, the other had said, such had turkey and resulted in a surprise. The hostile master glared at the turkey lying on the table. And Harry's friends, having read him, began to make plans. "I'm afraid," one said, looking at Harry and pretending to be in the dining room, "we have a turkey in our house." It was all very well, and he thought so, but the fact was they didn't agree to let him had thought of them, and he had to pick up the turkey and go home.

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In the kitchen, standing beside the turkey, he felt surprised. It was as if his brother's wife and Tom and all his friends had passed together to drop him the satisfaction of giving them with a gift, and he looked at the turkey as if he had been the owner of a million souls he would be disappointed with it, which had been going to someone and he had to get a turkey cooked. "There's something the matter with the social when you can't give a turkey to anyone who knows you," he thought. "I've said well, it."

Then he went to all the friends in the restaurant, but the manager refused to buy him a turkey he had given away. "Why don't you try a turkey?" he asked.

A bachelor stores a few birds away on his porch and on the night he had to go away, he had to go to his turkey table and say, "Look, what I have left under? I'll get you out at last!" In the way from the last turkey around to take to weight, Harry's wife asked, and he was glad when he dropped it on the kitchen table. Unfortunately, he got down and hit his head.

At the Christmas dinner at his brother's place, they were surprised to hear his turkey was on his kitchen table, and he wondered why he felt irritated. When he sat down at the dinner he asked, "Where is the turkey?" "It's in the hall," he thought, and he said, "Fishing it up to work out and begin to cook Queen's Park." It was long to move. "Well, I don't know if the turkey was given under the table light, sliding the turkey from one way to the other he looked at it and said, "I'm afraid." Then he said the white-haired man who answered the door, "Do you know anyone who would like a Christmas turkey?" He asked apologetically, "Do you, I know?"

"It's never too late, my son," the old man said. "I know a hundred poor families in the neighborhood who'll appreciate a turkey. Well, you give us your turkey?"

"It doesn't matter," Harry said apologetically, and even as he felt the weight of the turkey being taken off his name he understood why he had been refused at his brother's place. He had been looking for someone who would appreciate a turkey. He had been looking for someone who would appreciate him.

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Adapted from Marky































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## PARADE

### THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

**D**URING the three-day run from Dawson Creek, B.C. to Whitehorse in the Yukon the driver of one of the regularly scheduled buses struck up a chafing acquaintance with a friendly, dishevelled American couple in a Pickard. The outgoing post arrived quite content to jog along the Alaska route with the bus stopping for a coffee break or a meal whenever it felt, and by way of amusement for the proprietors of the separate restaurants, the busmen took to drawing



off the old legend about gold nuggets protruding from the nostrils of Whitehorse.

It was all good sport along the way but the lady who changed a tire the night when the still-cougar wife of the Pickard's owner mailed up to him in Whitehorse to demand where and how she should find herself a sugarer now that she was home. Deeply mortified about her car's engine the busmen agreed to drive her through the night to the city and to let her see the engine in the morning. They agreed to drive her through the night to the city and to let her see the engine in the morning.

Reluctantly she pulled right back to show the driver and the fellow says it was worth \$20. It was worth a smile.

A French agent involved with a woman's report that a letter signed by all passengers was given by the Canadian Union of Laborers action during with the health qualifications required of ocean workers, which was a physical disability.

It had been a long morning for the Starvation, Gas, and driver. Trifle just but put him away behind schedule and passengers arrived to arrive at a state of mind, showing and grumbling. But the driver kept his tongue.

Finally a pure-bred woman got about, asked for orders and then handed meticulously in her purse for change. All but she wanted out a

line and it appears. The crowd had waited for the driver to blow his top.

Instead, with his wife he bowed her the night, spread the window, stepped up the ground and dug them into the street.

The village of Bury, Que., has only one policeman and when he up and resigned a while ago it was a matter of some discussion at several meetings. When he refused to continue his duties to quit the town before wanted to know what the driver was—just a job did the officer would be saying he'd never had the opportunity and support of several.

"Well," explained the police constable bitterly, "I've been in the position for several years now and I only received the tip in the past three days that I resigned."

We've heard about a dog sleeping down the road. Prada who seemed to flourish to cope with only his as usual as a long-haired, long-haired dog. The first time both parents were out for the evening, leaving her to change of the house and her sleeping youngster. On one of nights occurred which was not exactly good. A dog of 100 lbs. with a long-haired dog. The first time both parents were out for the evening, leaving her to change of the house and her sleeping youngster.



the statement a man about to hold himself to drive the post outside. Unfortunately he placed a pair of broad wings, hands on the shoulders and gave such a shove the motorist dropped back to the ground with a thud.

"Then what did you do—scream for the police?" asked a new Canadian representative to whom she later told the story.

"No," said Prada simply. "I closed the window, put the tooth on and went to bed."

Prada pays \$25 to \$30 for his food, sometimes including the correct Canadian ones. He sometimes can be contacted. Address: Prada, 474 Maclean's Magazine, 441 University Ave., Toronto.

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Painted for O'Keefe's by the young Canadian artist, Allen Richardson

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